

DOCTOR WHO

A KLYTODE CHRISTMAS

PART ONE

Planet Earth, in the year 3781.
London still exists, and so
does Oxford Street...

...and so does
Christmas shopping.

• Script TREVOR BAXENDALE
Art JOHN ROSS
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK
Letters PAUL VYSE

I love Christmas!
I love the parties, the
decorations, the telly,
family get-togethers,
all the things you have
to organise... but
most of all, I love the
shopping!

London never
changes...

Are you
listening?

I mean, the human
race has completely
re-engineered the
Earth's climate *twice*
since the 21st century
and they *still* can't
get it to snow at
Christmas.

Oh, stop
complaining
and help me find
some *presents*.

I dunno. Shop
dummies make
me nervous...

Spoilsport.

Sorry, mate. Watch
your back there.
Comin' through...

Oh, look at
those! Aren't they
fantastic?

What d'you think?
The vase for mum - it
recycles its own water,
apparently - and the
computer game for Leo?

I'd forget the game.
That thing has *more
computing power* than
the whole of NASA, the
Pentagon and Industrial Light
& Magic put together. Give
that to your brother and he
could *wipe out* the future
of mankind by
Boxing Day.

What about this
necklace for Tish?

Martha, I'd rather
face a *Cyberman
invasion* than any
more Christmas
shopping - oof!

Bump!

Bert! Bert X-5!
Fancy meeting you
here - and Jimmy,
too!

Doctor? It really *is* you!
Great to see ya!

Yay, Doc!

"I haven't seen you two
since that business on
Space Station Alpha!
We stopped the Klytode
destroying the Earth,
remember?" *

* see DWA
26-27

How could we
forget? That
little business is
hard-wired into my
data core, Doc!

Some things
never change...

Martha - I'd like you to
meet **Bert** and **Jimmy**,
the finest **sanitation
workers** in the solar
system...

Bert and Jimmy
- meet Martha
Jones!

We were **heroes**,
thanks to you!

Hi guys.

*Enchanté,
mademoiselle!
Et bon Noël!*

You'll have to
excuse my pal,
Martha. He's just
had a French
language download
and the **creepy**
twit sub-routine was
an **optional extra**.

Hey, Doc... am
I glad we've
bumped into you.
I need to have a
chat. I'm **worried**
about Jimmy.

What's up?

I think the
old fella's
cracking up.

Later...

How do you two like your tea? Earth leaves or Martian?

Earth, please.

So what's wrong, Bert? You two seem to have it made here.

We've got our own business now, Doc... fitting top-of-the-range sanitation systems to government facilities.

Still the go-to guys for executive toilets, eh?

That's the one. But something's not right. Jimmy's been acting awful strange lately... dizzy spells, blackouts, all kinds of stuff. At first I thought it was space sickness, or even a mid-life crisis...

...but it all started when we won the contract to install sanitary facilities in the new Ecopower Station franchise."

"Jimmy started wandering off, getting lost in some of the restricted reactor areas. It was kinda embarrassing... and, y'know, out of character. Jimmy was always the cautious one. I don't know what's got into him lately."

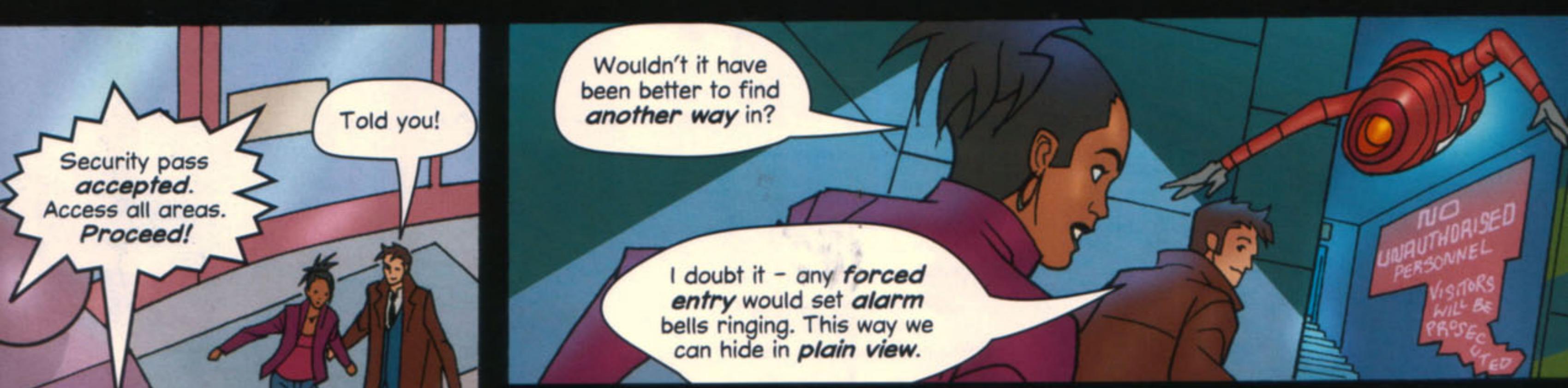
Last week he accidentally found his way to the reactor control room. Can ya believe that? We almost lost the contract on the spot!"

It's taken over the world's environmental energy supplies. 'Brilliant for energy and okay for the environment.'

Three Earth teas coming right up... Sorry, we've only got digestive biscuits. Bert mistook the Hobnobs for burnt-out data wafers and threw them in the disintegrator. You know what he's like.

It's an easy mistake to make. I'm a construction robot, not a confection robot.

Vreep vreep!





"Behold -
the Prime
Klytode!"

"The gestalt brain
that controls the
Brethren, waiting
in *hyperspace* to
materialise over this
power station!"

The big daddy
of all the Klytodes!
Now we're in
trouble!

You mean we
weren't *before*?

"That thing's the size of
a city, Martha - a vast,
industrial city spewing out
clouds of *toxic gas*!"

I can *control* every
Ecopower station on Earth
from here - and using
this pathetic human, I can
connect every bio-reactor
around the planet to
relay the Prime Klytode's
poisonous breath... all
over the world!

Doctor - how
can we *stop* it?

I don't know,
Martha - I just
don't know!

Jimmy!

It's too late,
Doc-tor! The Prime Klytode
is releasing *toxic waste*
directly into your precious
planet's *atmosphere*... soon it
will be *utterly uninhabitable*
by anything other than the
Klytode Brethren!

So look out, Earth -
**HERE COMES
THE SCUM!**

EEEEEEOOOOOWWWWW!
CAN THE DOCTOR
SAVE EARTH FROM
THE KLYTODE? FIND
OUT NEXT ISSUE!